

Poetry Series

James L. A. Huetson
- poems -

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James L. A. Huetson(1933)

I was born in the middle of the winter in a small apartment in the back of a gas station that my father was operating. My father said that it was so cold in the room that the steam from the water he had been instructed to boil was freezing on the ceiling. We moved often during my childhood. At one point we lived below Table Mountain outside Mamouth AZ while my father guarded a gold mine. It was 19 miles by Model T and 9 miles on horse back to get into it. There were two people within walking distance from us and it was a half day horseback ride to the next nearest neighbor. I dropped out of the College of Idaho to enlist in the US Airforce in 1951. I served overseas in the occupation forces in Germany for 39 months. Some of the poetry I have written was in the form of copyrighted songs. Other poems are just as I am inspired. I am 77 years old, have been a lot of places and have seen a lot of life.

A Friend Of Mine

Each man must his own
Relationship make.
With God, and his Lord,
And which path to take,
But may I ask this, for I feel it's my lot,
When you walk with the Christ,
Please, embarrass Him not.

For you walk with a Friend
Of both you and me.
A Friend whom I love and
Honor you see.
A Friend who hears often
The excuse, "I forgot".
So I ask you please,
Embarrass Him not.

Of traitorous friends He's
Had more than His share.
And, yet, through it all
He still seems to care
For each who claims Him,
Each friend that He's got,
As a favor to me,
Please embarrass Him not.

James L. A. Huetson

A Native Son

As a native son my heroes were
Soldiers, sailors, and marines
Of World War II who came by on their
Way to take back the Philippines.

When other bad guys took some land
South of the 38th in Korea,
I volunteered to serve as an airman.
I could not stand to see a
Tyrannical government violate an agreement
Made for the divided occupation
Of a land liberated by the heroes we had sent.

Instead of going to Korea and the Orient,
Orders were cut for my designated station,
And off to Germany I was sent.
A member of a different divided occupation.

There I became friends with former enemy,
Many were refugees from the eastern side.
Who fled from the sadistic hordes of the Red Army
To the City of Dresden, there to abide.
Air Marshall Arthur Harris, known for his bombing,
Authorized the Fire Bombing Of Dresden
Killing thousands of these like an inferno descending.

The war we fought in the Korean Theater, Oh My God,
Over 36,000 of ours died with more than 92,000 wounded.
They called the war won when we got back to the 38th isn't that odd?
But, at least the warriors were honored.

But Nam! Oh Nam! The pride of our youth
Forced to go to Hell by bloody handed politicians.
They fought, died, and hurt, while protestors so uncouth,
Protested the warriors while ignoring the Patrician
Leaders who lived in opulence and abundance
Even as making personal fortunes based on the destruction
Of the lives, honor, and innocence of military Grunts.

And now this war of prejudice and hate on both sides,
Instigated by the rich and powerful for the wealthy financiers,
Sucks the moral structure of all into oblivion and derides
The essence of honor that is instilled in each of our soldiers.

Unlike the worst of the worst of the wars of the past,
This war has the underlying objective of destroying
All of the freedoms that our heroes died to make last.
And every one of them, wherever they are, must be crying.
To see how we have wasted the energy, pain, and lives
That they gave for the freedom of today's generations,
Leaving only our failure, indifference, and guilt to survive.

James L. A. Huetson

A New Life From My Valentine

Major segments of my life were ripped away
Leaving me never to be whole again.
So I wished for the world to disappear.

I know I can laugh
And not feel any joy.
For this has oft been my life.

I know I can strive
And hate my success.
For this has e'er been my result.

I know I can cry.
The tears clamping my chest
With an ache that inhibits my breath.

This was my story.
Until my spirit was released
From the confines designed by its past.

When you created a new beginning.
Then guided me to the presence of your love
Through your own blessed acceptance.

James L. A. Huetson

A Poem For Max

She was a loose woman,
A street tramp.
And she was very, very pregnant.
A small, black vamp.

A deputy noticed her
And picked her up.
It was in middle summer.
He fed her water from his cup.

She was fairly dirty
And didn't smell too good,
But her eyes were pretty.
She came in, and there she stood.

She was a little black dog,
Probably two years old.
Representing a prologue
To a life, which will be told.

So then she had to be jailed
And off she went to the shelter.
If her previous owner failed
To claim her she'd have a new owner.

While she awaited her incarceration
She approached a different officer.
Then with a paw upon his leg, and no hesitation,
She showed him her love and became his master.

She made a pair a family
When he took her home to his lady.
She had won their hearts completely,
They became her mommy and her daddy.

Daddy would chase rabbits with her,
His long legs a pumping.
Step just hard enough on a grasshopper,
And slow it down for gulping.

She cornered a possum in her yard
Late one night and it was hissing.
Daddy grabbed a mop to hit the possum hard.
While holding the dog back he knew he was missing.
Max is the name used
Before they found what was her gender.
It left her a little confused
Wondering if she was a sitter or a pointer.

Her mommy's lap was just a jump
That Max would make each evening.
To settle down in mommy's lap
And spend time TV watching.

Nine good years of love, fun, and play,
She hunted, stalked, and captured,
All the different kinds of prey.
No difference whether squirrel, rabbit or bird.

Then age and illness wore her down.
Her breath and heart were failing.
Daddy sat on the floor beside her his own
Heart sick and bursting.

Her mommy heard her horrible groan
And was stricken with a fearful pain.
Daddy said, "This can't go on"
And called the veterinarian.

At the office they gave Max a shot.
Her breath struggle was easing.
Daddy's calming hand stroked her soft.
Heart bursting, he let her go with his blessing.

James L. A. Huetson

Angel Of Miracles

She couldn't teach through lecture
As the student was unable to hear.
Nor could she teach by exhibit.
The blind student could not see it.

The student was able to respond to touch.
It would be necessary to learn how much.
In other instances one could use taste.
Such learning could not be done in haste.

Other times she could teach using smell.
Done kindly to bring him out of his shell.
These are the only ways to communicate,
Establish an interactive state.

The scholar must expand his repertoire
In order to communicate with the mentor.
Communication involves at least two people.
For this the mentor must be responsible.

The original language had to be built
As a form of Braille, not seen but felt.
The one developed, used both hands' fingers.
In different combinations representing letters.

The teacher must provide an object to feel
And spell its name, using finger Braille.
Then repeat this over and over until
The student relates the object to the spell.

Communication is established one word at a time
The patience required is greater than sublime.
Then after success with more than one session
Must begin again with Braille 8 dot conversion.

Alphabet using both small and capital letters
Define objects requiring combinations of fingers.
Numbers and symbols and all punctuation
Must be learned and be used in each situation.

The student is driven by a need to communicate.
The teacher has an angelic drive to dedicate
Great effort to providing a life of true usefulness
To this loved one of God with all of its brightness.

James L. A. Huetson

Applied Mathematics

Jun 1,2010... Nun Excommunicated After Saving a Mother's Life With Abortion.
Church Stands by Decision to Kick Out Sister Margaret McBride

Math is a very funny thing.
Its use can be unusual.
Two times zero renders nothing,
And knowing this is mutual.

But zero times two still renders naught.
This leaves me mystified.
Having two with zero affect, ought
Leave me two and satisfied.

But mathematics must prevail.
The total must really be zero,
And no matter how logic tries to assail,
You can't change it and be a hero.

If the problem involves human lives,
And there are two who soon must go.
When we do nothing, the answer it gives
Allows mathematics to reign, leaving zero.

A Mother and Child are suffering and blue,
And both can die from inattention.
If nothing is done 'tis zero times two,
This fact requires your admission.

The Child is not yet fully formed,
Leaving a no acceptable, worthy, situation.
So the solution that will cause a storm,
Is to use subtraction not multiplication.

James L. A. Huetson

Awakening At Dawn

During my morning meditation
There occurred a quieting
Of nearly all bodily senses.
There was no difference of feeling
Between those parts
Touching other objects
And those parts not.

During this moment
Came a sense of total uplifting,
Both physical and spiritual.
And then, from deep within,
Beginning from behind me
Came a clarity and brightness
Like the dispelling of a fog.

It was as if there was
The removal of a haze
Surrounding my total being.
Not from before my eyes,
But from all around me.
Then came the words
'YOU ARE MINE'

And it was as if
I were speaking those words
To my Creator
As It spoke them to me.
As though two entities
Made into one were speaking
The same words simultaneously.

James L. A. Huetson

Can I Stay

When I was just a lad,
It seems I always had,
to spend some time away.
My old dad would say,
'Son don't do nothin' wrong.
You won't be gone too long.
I'll come and get you soon,
To fill your lonely room'.

T'was hard in each new place,
To keep a smiling face.
With nothing of my own,
Just a stranger in their home.
No one who seemed to care,
If I was even there.
At night a time for tears,
Softly so no one hears.

One more mile and then,
I'll be home again.
Now that I'm drawing near,
My heart is filled with fear.
Will things still seem to me,
To be the way they used to be?
And this time can I stay?
Or must I be sent away?

No place to hang my clothes,
Cause everybody knows,
I won't be here too long.
Tomorrow I'll be gone.
If my Paw comes for me,
How happy I will be,
To go home to my room
Where there is no more gloom.

But comes another day,
Again I'll be sent away.
Someday I'll not return,

But no heartache will burn.
Now time's made me a man,
Much traveled through this land.
I found myself a wife,
And hope I'm home for life.

Still, every time I leave,
Within my heart I grieve,
And, while I'm far away,
That cold fear is back to stay.
Will she still be there, when,
I come home again,
Or have I lost it all?
The same as when I was small.

One more mile and then,
I'll be home again.
Now that I'm drawing near
My heart is filled with fear.
Will things still seem to me,
To be the way they used to be?
And this time can I stay?
Or must I be sent away?

James L. A. Huetson

Charity Equates To Love

The words Charity, Life and Love
Are all, interchangeable.
They all originate from above,
And come from a heavenly table.
Charity is bestowed to others
At four different levels my brothers.

At the lowest, and first, is because we must,
For it is bid by our dedication to duty.
We make sure that everyone knows so we can just
Bask in the glow of our marvelous gratuity.
Like the Pharisees of an earlier day
We may even stand in the streets to pray.

The second level, and visibly higher,
Is to be secret about it; not telling the crowd.
But the recipient is to know we are superior,
And thank us in a voice aloud.
It is necessary that he be appreciative
Or else what need would there be to give.

The third level up, next to the highest,
Requires that we never tell a living soul,
But now there is more to the test.
The receiver himself must not ever know.
This method is a total lesson in humility
Freeing oneself from the abyss of self-pity.

The absolute highest and greatest of all,
Is when we give automatically and don't even know.
The beneficiary receives it and has no recall,
Of anyone involved in this act to bestow.
The rest of the world proceeds just as if
This never had happened, that there was no gift.

James L. A. Huetson

Cold Steel

Well his voice was gruff and his manner was mean.
He said, 'Kid you're supposed to help me on the bendin' machine.
Grab yourself and end and start to tote your load
and if you smart mouth me you'll never live to grow old.

COLD STEEL

Then we bent that rebar just to build 'em a store
and they covered it with concrete and asked for more.
So we furnished them the strength they needed to keep it up
and he said you don't do bad for such a young pup.

COLD STEEL

We worked more steel through the punch and the press.
We rolled it and welded it and done our best.
Some men lost a finger and some men lost a hand
but when we were finished we had us a dam.

COLD STEEL

We built dams and machinery and bridges too.
We built tanks and buildings just to mention a few.
That old mother steel she makes you thin and old
but the men who work her are hard and bold.

COLD STEEL

Hard and bold but quick with a practical joke.
Hard and bold men who have very little in their poke.
With a heart big enough to keep the world going 'round
We live for building up not for tearing down.

COLD STEEL

Words of praise are few for the work that we do.
Like the steel thanks is hidden 'neath a hard shell too.
But the words from a buddy overrun your cup
If he says you don't do bad for such a young pup.

COLD STEEL

James L. A. Huetson

Dead Wrong

Nobody cared how we died.
Nobody cared that they lied.
We died side by side by side.
Because they lied we all died.

We joined to pay for education.
We joined to protect and serve our nation.
We joined to honor our relations.
We joined with highest expectations.

We spilled our blood in foreign lands.
Our bones were broke by foreign hands.
Our brains were warped through concussions
Caused by IEDs and other close explosions.

Coming home we met an attitude
That was anything but gratitude.
Were there any that cared about our broken spines?
Or were they all concerned with their bottom lines?

We get no special employment consideration.
Our old jobs are gone no new ones on the horizon.
Our heads are still filled with combat.
God only knows how we are going to react.

So we also died at home using a gun or a rope.
Or we died on the floor after using too much dope.
However we died we died without any hope.
At home they abandoned us leaving us to cope.

James L. A. Huetson

Die Hard

When

I - the old ideas,

When

I - the human ego,

When

I - the masking personality,

When

The I of desire to obtain,

When

The I of desire to avoid,

Dies and I submit,

Then God can completely

Take over my consciousness

And 'I am God'

In that He is the only doer.

I DIE HARD!

James L. A. Huetson

Experience

My mother gave me no brother
And my father no brother conceived.
Neither was I given a sister
And did not need either I believed.

My parents made every effort
To insure that I shared all I had.
I was trained to always give comfort.
Any form of rudeness was bad.

My uncle's first marriage ended
After his son, Duane, had been born.
His life taken when he was blasted
Away and to an unmarked grave was borne.

His mother took Duane,
Changed his middle and last name,
Then disappeared to a place arcane.
She deemed my family to be all the same.

Thirty-seven years later he was found
Using a Salvation Army quest.
At our first meeting we were bound
Together for a brotherhood blest.

A joy came with him into my life.
The similarities were amazing.
He brought with him a lovely wife.
His first love a lady most dazzling.

His first love's name was Joan.
A Joan was also my first devotion.
He taught music, he was a musician.
Electronics for fun was his notion.

My work was with electronics.
My hobbies were playing the guitar,
Singing, and working on the basics.
My style was O.K. but I'd never be a star

We both enjoyed the pun
And shared many with no stigma.
We traveled just for fun
From Dallas Texas to Canada.
In 2004 heart-rending news,
Duane's cancer, once defeated,
Re-ignited, his body to suffuse.
I went to his side feeling cheated.

For years, like brothers we did abide.
Approaching the end I still teased,
I held his hand and with him cried.
But his pain would not be appeased.

There is no avoiding the experiences
That we came to experience
Including the experience
Of avoiding what we came to experience.

James L. A. Huetson

Further Meditations

If God is all of it
Then there is nothing wrong with any of it.
If there is nothing wrong with any of it
Why am I disturbed by it?

This is a world of predator and prey.
Neither is more blessed or protected than the other.
But the cries of the wounded, the injured, the torn,
And their screams of anguish tear at my heart.

I am helpless over this.
I cannot change one iota of it
And I cannot avoid knowledge of it.
I can feel everyone's pain.
Sometimes I feel as if I will be suffocated by it.

I can surrender my life and all existence to God
But it does not provide the "Balm of Gilead"
To heal my soul.
"What will be, will be"
Is not a happy place.

In the end, all Life exists only in God.

James L. A. Huetson

Gone

Time marches on my friend.
Each hour that's gone, my friend, is spent there's not another.
One less for use my brother. Time gone is treasure spent.
It can't be spent or lent. Gone it's too late for lament.

There are men who search for gold,
men who for treasure suffer strife.
Suddenly they find that they're old
with nothing to show for their life.

Time marches on my friend.
Each hour that's gone, my friend, is spent there's not another.
One less for use my brother. Time gone is treasure spent.
It can't be spent or lent. Gone it's too late for lament.

Your days are few. Your life will pass
and at the end you will find
each moment was a grain in your hour glass.
Each wasted one a ghost in your mind.

Time marches on my friend.
Each hour that's gone, my friend, is spent there's not another.
One less for use my brother. Time gone is treasure spent.
It can't be spent or lent. Gone it's too late for lament.

Each minute that has gone has passed for good.
Each hour gone will never come again.
So use each day to foster brotherhood
with your life spent in service to men.

Time marches on my friend.
Each hour that's gone, my friend, is spent there's not another.
One less for use my brother. Time gone is treasure spent.
It can't be spent or lent. Gone it's too late for lament.

James L. A. Huetson

Grace And Mercy

Grace is when I get what I haven't earned.
Mercy is when I don't get what I deserve.
Grace is when I wake up in the early morn,
And hear the birds sing and calm every nerve.

Mercy is when I haven't lost another friend
By operating my mouth without a caring thought.
Being given a new beginning instead of a sorry end.
When I have no regrets for not doing what I ought.

Grace is sitting in the beauty of a valley,
Looking up at the hills covered with summer browning.
Knowing that they are not hills at all
But are at the edge of a prairie with wheat fields growing.

Mercy lies in the real life fact
I could not hear the birds and their beautiful singing.
Without a stranger performing the act
That constructed the aids to give me my hearing.

Then I was able to see the hills so beautifully glowing
With the white-capped Snake River so gorgeous and vital.
Mercy then provided a surgeon capable and knowing
To remove cataracts giving me vision clear and total.

I have Mercy and Grace beyond my deserving.
There is vision and hearing when both were gone.
My Spirit with gratitude doth both pray and sing,
To the Love of the Universe that goes on and on.

James L. A. Huetson

Grace In The Silence

When I go to the silence
I do not need to take with me
A task to be performed,
An error to be corrected,
A healing to be obtained,
A subject for healing,
A consciousness of any need,
A desire to be used,
An expectation of illumination,
An expectation of heightened awareness,
An expectation of forgiveness
For myself or for another,
With no expectation
Of a miracle or a sign.
NO!
I go in silence to watch
My Creator do the works.
I do not ask,
I do not seek,
I am not answered,
I do not strive.
My Creator's Grace
Is sufficient unto all.

James L. A. Huetson

Harmony

How could it be
I have not written,
As a personal analogy
That we all are one?

God is in me not like a pea
Is in its shell-like armor,
But like oxygen has to be
A crucial portion of water.

Hydrogen is explosive,
And highly unstable.
Add oxygen and it will give
Water with a bang predictable.

Sense of self, unstable, volatile,
When surrendered to the Creator,
Forms a newborn Self more gentle,
And inside is its own inventor.

The Spiritual connection
With the Divinity
Must be direct, one to one,
Not through another entity.

It cannot be purchased,
Nor gained through ceremony.
It cannot be obtained
Through any order or fraternity.

Our need for each other
Is to express our spirituality.
To give, Affection, Tolerance, Ardor
And to with all, be in Harmony.

James L. A. Huetson

Healing

The word Universe means Unity.
Everything rolled into one.
Universe is World is Universe you see
So any wrong that is done
To one is really done to all.
If we betray our Mother Earth
Upon the whole Universe will fall,
The long-term resulting hurt.

To respect and care for Mother Earth
Is to serve the Creator of all life.
For she is the creation sent forth
To sustain us and help us live without strife.
Oh Mother Earth whose Soul sings with the stars,
Keeper of the spring for our provision,
Let us live in your bounty while you live in our hearts,
And to never forget our true mission.

Each must take responsibility
For their good or the disrespectful actions,
And work for the good of the Unity.
We always must be alert for better solutions.
Gratitude is the holiest of prayers.
We give our thanks for the beauty of Mother Earth,
And for desolving all of our fears.
Fears that are lost when daily matched with faith.

Unity blesses us with the matrimony of peace.
Our freedom is as vast as Mother Earth's oceans.
No one can own Mother Earth. We can only lease,
For a lifetime, with unfilled aspirations.
The Creator of the Universe, and its Unity
Is in everything as Light, Life, and Love;
Serves all its creation with compassion and pity,
And hangs the sun and the moon in the sky above.

We have wounded Mother Earth with our greed.
She bleeds oil into her own fragil environment
To satisfy the thirst for greater riches, not for need.

We strip mine her flesh to make more cement
To build bigger structures for us soon to destroy.
We rip out her lungs by destroying her forests
Then pollute her lakes and rivers with an alloy
Of garbage, chemicals, poisons and other pests.

Mother Earth is a living soul,
A part of the living universe.
Her wounds affect all life as a whole
And the healing requires your service.
Her future is only determined
By the choices you make this day.
Actions unchanged leave her undermined.
Love, not abuse, is the way.

All is one, one is all.
Rocks or mountains, sun or trees,
If it's a lake or a waterfall,
Or even the waves upon the seas.
Be it a bear or tiger strong,
A buffalo or antelope,
It makes no difference, as long
As we know each has soul, we have hope.

James L. A. Huetson

Honor Is Truth

A person of honor can be totally trusted.
A person without it is like a world without love.
Such people are truly maladjusted,
Corrupted, tarnished, degraded and full of,
Perverseness, injustice and lies.
Honor is often distorted to mean,
That a dissenter is less patriotic than a blind,
Follower of a deceitful politician.

A person who brings truth to the table of life,
Is often maligned, libeled, and scorned.
Liars, frauds, and imposters alike,
Attack with impunity and loudly morn,
The seeming inequity of being misunderstood.
If only the truthful one knew all of the facts,
He would agree with the liar, surely he would,
Agree with all of the imposter's acts.

It's easy to spot a man of dishonor,
By the way he responds to facts.
He strikes as swift as a poisonous adder,
Maligning the source with repulsive acts.
He postures and threats,
Threatens and flails,
On and on until he gets,
You to ignore the,
Lies of his fairy tales.

James L. A. Huetson

Hypothesis

A common occurrence instituted
A new understanding in me.
It came from my mother and dad
Insisting that I eat liver, you see.
Now, to me, the taste of that food
Causes me to gag and to choke.
How anyone can ever consider it good
Is beyond me and must be a joke.

So logically, one must assume
That everyone's senses can differ.
So two smelling the same bloom,
Each using their own unique sniffer,
Can regularly experience different
Emotions caused by the smell.
Odor can be a lovely scent,
Or it can seem to be coming from hell.

To some a soft tender
Touch may speak strongly of love.
But to others, it will engender
The sense of being given a shove.
A man, quite often, cannot give a hug
Because he's self conscious
And doesn't want to seem smug.
He will avoid any kind of a fuss.

To some the sight of a predator
Attacking its prey
Makes their excitement soar.
Others at the same sight may say,
This is a sight I cannot stand.
It is not fair that the prey must die.
But it is unfair that the predator starve and
Its not for us to know where justice lies.

Noisy boom boxes drive me to distraction
Bellowing out that obscene rap.
While classical gets my roommate's attention

And swiftly makes him ready to nap.
The reality in which we believe
Exists only in our own mind.
We run every sense through our emotional sieve
And we are fools if we believe what we find.

There is more to the sense
Than the sense it's self.
Humans often offer pretense
As though taken from a bookshelf.
Half the people see religions as harmful.
Claiming to love their neighbors,
They often seem to be more full
Of hatred toward the faiths of others.

Righteous living consists of action
Interwoven into every day living.
It is the narrow path to salvation.
It is not for acquiring but in giving.
All life is sacred and has a soul.
All creation has to include
A bit of the creator to make it whole.
Most religions make rules to exclude.

It is necessary that we comprehend
That each person has his or her own monsters to fight
Of fear, apprehension, insecurity and resentment.
To help them we must stand right
With them and help them determine
The reasons for their inner strife
Then heal them with love divine.
And in this way heal them for life.

Those who live in accordance with the beatitudes,
Those who will lovingly endure the sufferings of life,
Those poor in spirit and pure in heart with proper attitudes,
Will enter God's kingdom and gain eternal life.
Whoever tortures a human being,
Whoever abuses a human being,
Whoever outrages a human being,
Abuses the Great Mystery's being.

James L. A. Huetson

I Am What I'm Not

She was a rebellious woman,
And yet she was needy.
She yielded to no fear,
But lived in a nightmare
Of terror and dread.

The first time it happened
She had become insanely anxious
Over an unimportant event
She screamed with no pause
Until he slapped her.

It wasn't a hard slap,
No bodily damage was done.
She was shocked
Because it wasn't his nature,
A nature of gentleness and caring.

It must be her fault,
The screaming must have caused it.
And in placing the blame on herself
She joined a third of the nation's women.
Who are repeatedly battered every year.

He was so devastated,
As to be unable to breathe.
He had just needed
To stop her screaming
Before she waked their baby daughter.

The words he used to make her to stop
Were not succeeding.
What horrors would her screaming
Inflict upon a three-year old child.
With no thought or planning, he hit her!

This woman, his wife,
And the woman, his mother
Were constantly in conflict.

He applied the Biblical admonition
To put away his mother and cleave to his wife.

As he left that town
His mother told him tales about his wife.
How she had contacts with another man.
It wasn't long, in the new town,
That friends told him the same type of story.

Those who govern community mores,
The courts, police, and some churches,
Have sanctioned patterns of family behavior
Allowing a husband the inherent right to
Have sexual gratification from his wife.

And so he exercised this marital right
Without a thought about how she felt,
And her screams of frustration and pain,
Triggered his rage so that he left his body,
And watched himself in this despicable action.

Then from the darkness came a voice
That said, "Stop it! You will kill her! "
And miracle of miracles, he stopped.
He stopped, and he left.
And he stayed away for hours.

When he returned his wife and child were gone.
And he knew they should be gone, never to return.
Regardless of the law of the time, he knew,
Rape is rape no matter how you justify it.
No matter if it is accepted by the society you are in.

A telephone call came from the family Doctor.
Came from the hospital.
His wife had overdosed on medications.
She had taken the baby with her to the hospital.
She had been treated and they were sending her home.

During the rape and the beating
She became numb both physically and mentally
As though she was no longer a part

Of her body and what was happening.
Someone else was being battered as she observed.

Her mother-in-law blamed her for the event
In order to make herself feel less guilty'
After all, she had initiated the negative idea.
It left the wife feeling trapped with
No way to reestablish her former sense of safety.

He now understood.
There was no way he could stay with her.
He was totally out of control in her presence
And to stay would be to slay.
He left.

In the years that followed he drifted into alcoholism
And stopped drinking seventeen years later.
Living with two different women for a number of years
He rarely had even a cross word with either.
At any signs of imminent violence, he fled.

She completed college obtaining a degree in journalism
Working for some years as a teacher of children with disabilities.
She renewed a drug addiction that she had acquired from an accident.
On leave from a mental institution with a fellow resident
She died of a suspicious drug overdose.

Everything happens for a purpose,
Even the tiniest detail.
Be an observer of that purpose.
Don't judge it. Don't fight it.
Don't try to change it.
Observe it only!

James L. A. Huetson

Love One Another

When love is given to another,
Only the giver can completely
And truly understand that love.
If unexpressed, love is unknown.
For the person being loved
To know that they are loved
It must be put across by action.
The human expression of love
Is distorted because there is no
Word or action sufficient
To give expression to love.

The persons receiving love
Add to the distortion because
They can only perceive love
Based on words or acts that
Have meant love to them
In their life experiences.
Human love is, therefore,
Immensely more beneficial
To the lover than to the beloved.
The beloved can recognize love
Only when it is from the soul.

THE CREATOR'S LOVE has
IT'S substance within ITSELF.
IT is love and being spirit
Expresses IT'S love spiritually.
IT gives of ITSELF as love,
Into our souls. No words, no acts,
No mental perceptions are required.
The love of our CREATOR is given
To us as a feeling which we perceive
As beyond physical, or mental states.

We therefore love best when we love
Our CREATOR, and it loves us.
Loving others through our CREATOR
Links our souls to the CREATOR

Which links our love to all others
Through the CREATOR's gift of ITSELF.
When we let go of our physical selves
Then we become only the instrument
For our CREATOR'S LOVE to men.
We love because IT first loved us.

James L. A. Huetson

Loves Revelation

From behind this woman,
With her cocktail party laugh,
And her solid defenses
Against a world too cruel,
One day I saw a lovely spirit child peek.
And we briefly touched!

Then as I walked through
My experiences bathing me
With a deluge of other peoples
Rage, pain, and captivity to hopelessness
This spirit child heard the events and shared the emotions.
And we often touched!

When the spirit child was in anguish,
The woman would have hidden the pain from all.
But from the spirit child I had learned,
To hear the events and share the emotions.
So I held her to me and shared the pain.
And we touched continually, even when apart.

Now when we're alone,
And no one else is there to see,
The lovely one is there most of the time,
Solemn and giggly and sharing herself with me.
Making the desire of my freedom be to set the real her free.
And our touch has become a radiance!

James L. A. Huetson

Master Carpenter

There is a master carpenter that I love,
Who gathers messages from above,
Then gives them to me in a manner clear,
And alters my spirit so I can hear.
Among the messages are lessons he taught,
Are things that I ought and things I ought not.

It was declared long ago without any pity,
That love of money is the root of iniquity.
Kings of long ago exacted silver and gold,
From the people whom they never told,
That the rulers then used those taxes to spill,
The blood of innocents across every hill.

Money equals power in the world of men.
The struggle is always to achieve dominion.
It takes money to make even more riches.
Addiction to money is the greatest of itches.
The bodies of butchered women and children
Cry out to the world of a dream in ruin.

A Soldier is given lies until he forfeits
His life to secure the corporations' profits.
Business executives follow on the soldier's heels,
To establish profitable business deals,
Bringing with them laws and enforcers
To prevent rebellions, strikes, and protesters.

Those who love money can never love others.
They use and manipulate all of their brothers.
They enslave anyone they can for a profit,
While those who escape must be thrown in the pit
Of despair, anguish and hopeless humiliation
In order to conquer each and every nation.

What then can be our only deliverance?
Must we always chase after dollars and cents?
Perhaps we must return to living the law.
The rule that only the carpenter saw.

Love your enemies; bless them that curse you,
And onto Love you must always be true.

James L. A. Huetson

Rendered Sacred

The Man declared,
If anyone loves me
He will desire to
Follow my teachings.

The Creator will love
Him and come to him
And make His home
Within his heart.

The teachings given are:
Banish your opinions and
Search for your Creator,
Learn truth through sorrow.

Have the willingness and faith,
To let your Creator rule.
Make a dedicated search,
For every spiritual truth.

In all things be merciful.
Know the Creator as the
Only true cause in all of
The areas of your life.

Bring inner peace to the
The altar of your life.
The Creator's gift to you
Will be harmony and joy.

Judge not so that you
Are not judged
As you have judged
Your fellow man.

Love your enemies.
Bless them that curse you.
Do good to them that hate you.
Pray for them who abuse you.

The Creator is in everything.
It is the space in which it creates.
It is compassion, wisdom
Equality and forgiveness.

James L. A. Huetson

Sam's Folly

It all started in 1942 when Franklin D.
Authorized the beginning of the OSS,
An organization that was given the responsibility
Of espionage and for helping the resistance
Movement in Europe. Donovan was appointed as the head
And given the rank of Major General. The OSS was
The model for the CIA that bloomed in 1947 and served instead.

Its original role was to evaluate intelligence reports
And coordinate the intelligence activities of various departments
In the interest of national security. But all sorts
Of other missions were assigned to agents
Of what became known as the CIA's Black Operations.
This involved a policy that was later
To become known as Executive Action.

Executive Action is also known as a plan to remove
Unfriendly foreign leaders from power.
This including a coup d'état that overthrew
The Guatemalan government of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954
Other political leaders deposed by Executive Action
Included Patrice Lumumba of the Congo,
And Ngo Dinh Diem, the leader of South Vietnam.

In 1975 Senator Frank Church became the chairman
Of the Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations.
This committee investigated alleged abuses of power by one,
The Central Intelligence Agency and two, The Federal Bureau of Investigation.
The committee also discovered that the CIA and FBI
Had tried to destroy their targets reputations by sending
Employers and wives anonymous letters full of lies.

In its final report, issued in April of 1976, the Committee concluded
That Americans' Constitutional rights to free speech,
Association and privacy had been undermined and threatened
By Domestic Intelligence activity because each
Primary provision for these rights by the Constitutional
System for checking abuse of power has been not enforced
By those who, by law, should have been responsible.

"The camps, hidden in the steep mountains and mile-deep valleys
Of Paktia province, were the place of underground headquarters
And clandestine weapons stocks of Afghan resistance leaders. Ultimately
The Afghan resistance was backed by the intelligence partners,
The United States and Saudi Arabia, and the camps were
The last word in NATO engineering techniques,
Manned by CIA assisted "resistance fighters", each a warrior.

Then they were given a label 'resistance fighters' so they were ok.
Now they have been given a new label 'terrorists'
And thus they are transformed into the terrorists we are fighting today.
So now we can bomb them into the abyss.
No need for UN discussion, no need for proof, no need to be just.

The U.S. is the detective, hanging judge, jury of peers, and hangman,
All offices are sanctified in the fight against the terrorist.

The U.S. side of the relationship with bin Laden was by the CIA
So much of the operation is unknown.
But we do know one thing, money, the old "Pay Day".
How much money? This should make you moan.
More than six billion 1980 dollars
And that's just what they admit publicly.
Then Saudi Arabia added enough to make anyone holler.

In case you have lost track of U.S. intents,
Bin Laden was a resistance fighter then
But now he is a terrorist, made one by events,
If we need him will we make him an ally again?
If a worldwide terrorist organization has been created by the people
Whom the U.S. and Saudi Arabia paid during the Afghan war,
Aren't the U.S. and Saudi governments who backed them responsible?

Bin Laden et al were CIA employees, given the best training,
Arms, facilities, and lots of cash for many years.
But in a change that is most amazing
Bin Laden became a deadly enemy of the U.S. raising our fears.
The relationship changed, don't ask too many questions.
In other words, once again,
The government line is accepted as self evident, but fiction.

Is bin Laden an enemy in fact?
Our leaders swore bin Laden and friends were good guys,
'Resistance fighters' joining with us in a pact.
If the government at that time filled us with lies
Why couldn't it be lying about them today?
Let's play a game. Imagine that bin Laden
And all of his friends are still employed by the CIA.

Could it be that our search for him is intended to build
Respect for bin Laden among Muslims who oppose us?
Is he to channel Arab anger into a regressive guild
Of fundamentalist movements that raise such a fuss
That they thereby destabilize secular Muslim societies
Which might resist U.S. control? Religious fundamentalists have proven
themselves
The most effective enemies of independent-minded governments and their
treaties.

This is precisely why the U.S. created an
Islamic Fundamentalist Proxy army in Afghanistan initially.
Perhaps bin Laden's new assignment is to be the ablest
Bogey-man of convenience whom the U.S. government blithely
Can use on any government it wishes to bomb?
This may sound crazy but is it any crazier than giving these
People six billion dollars in an attempt to control Islam?

James L. A. Huetson

Shreds

The Shreds of the bodies of our young are spread
Willy nilly over the landscape of the world.
In Korea at Inchon or Imjin River,
Or Bloody Ridge and Chosin Reservoir.
Maybe at Heartbreak Ridge then alternately
The battle at Kapyong or possibly Osan.
Forty percent of American POWs died
In Korean prison camps from Changson
To Pyoktong to Wiwon and Sambakkol.
And all for what purpose?
It isn't over yet!

The Shreds of the bodies of our young are spread
Willy nilly over the landscape of the world.
In Viet Nam at Dak To and Hamburger Hill,
Maybe at Ia Drang or Lang Vei where the
Green Berets were over run by NVA tanks.
Then there was Khe Sanh and Hue
Just to mention a few.
The prison camp Hoa Lo was
Nicknamed Hanoi Hilton.
Then there was Pho Ly Nam De
Also known as the Country Club.
Eleven percent died in custody
But this does not include MIAs.
And all for what purpose?
We're business partners with them now.

The Shreds of the bodies of our young are spread
Willy nilly over the landscape of the world.
It's been a tortuous journey from
The Mission Accomplished farce
To these never ending daily battles.
As of today the official DOD count is
Troops Killed in Iraq: 4417,
Troops Killed in Afghanistan: 1371,
Wounded in Action: 41357
And all for what purpose?
To protect Israel and big oil profits.

James L. A. Huetson

The Demise Of The Eagle

As a lad I sat on the ground,
High on Table Mountain,
And watched the Eagles fly around,
So many you could hardly count them.
My collie and my cocker beside me,
Always on the alert to keep me safe,
And I truly understood being free.

Ah! The eagle, that symbol of freedom,
Was chosen to be the icon of our nation.
Our country has often sounded the war-drum,
Calling upon us to protect our freedom with action.
We responded time after time to the call,
Because living a life with no freedom,
Was, in fact, not living life at all.

The latest call of the drums of war was,
Deceitfully titled Operation Iraqi Freedom.
This was to make it sound like an honorable cause.
The Patriot Act was passed initiating a chasm,
That stripped citizens of Habeas Corpus,
Their privacy, and made it so if they challenged,
This loss of Liberty they appeared Faithless.

The sequence then is this.
Iraqi Freedom is a myth to send our troops away,
And foster fear at home to lead us all amiss.
The patriot is maligned to betray,
His right to voice dissent against the lies,
That caused his loss of Liberty and Freedom.
Then thus the Eagle dies.

James L. A. Huetson

The Dreams End

Always dreamed the winner,
Ever lived the loser.
Always dreamed the hero,
Ever lived in fear.
Always dreamed of romance,
Ever feared the dance.
Always dreamed of good,
Ever lived the hood.
Always dreamed of duty,
Ever ended dirty.
Always dreamed of honor,
Ever lived the hustler.
Never made the cut,
The door was always shut.

James L. A. Huetson

The Gandydancer

In eighteen and sixty-two Lincoln signed an act to bridge this land with steel.
He told two railroads join in a pact and that road will be built I feel.
So push you Irish push with all your might.
Lay another mile before we quit for the night.
It takes an Irish gandy dancer to drive a mile of steel,
On a jug full of whiskey and spuds for his meal.

In eighteen and sixty-five Lincoln lay dead but the Union Pacific, one of two,
Had Grenville Dodge working as its head with the Casements leading the crew.
So push you Irish push with all your might.
Lay another mile before we quit for the night.
It takes an Irish gandy dancer to drive a mile of steel,
On a jug full of whiskey and spuds for his meal.

Dan and Jack were told get a mile every day and they in their turn vowed,
We won't ease up in any way 'til we beat that Central Pacific Crowd.
So push you Irish push with all your might.
Lay another mile before we quit for the night.
It takes an Irish gandy dancer to drive a mile of steel,
On a jug full of whiskey and spuds for his meal.

The Sioux and the Cheyenne vowed to put a stop to the coming of the iron horse.
They took so many scalps they seemed to be on top but Irish went through in
force.
So push you Irish push with all your might.
Lay another mile before we quit for the night.
It takes an Irish gandy dancer to drive a mile of steel,
On a jug full of whiskey and spuds for his meal.

Through blizzards, floods and Indian attacks two railroads laid their lines to meet.
In the last twelve hours eight Irishmen laid track ten miles and fifty-six feet.
So push you Irish push with all your might.
Lay another mile before we quit for the night.
It takes an Irish gandy dancer to drive a mile of steel,
On a jug full of whiskey and spuds for his meal.

James L. A. Huetson

The Good Life

"Oh", said she
"You do not understand,
This is not reality
So strike up the band.
Life is a cartoon.
It's just for a laugh,
A humorous lampoon,
All on fate's behalf.
Thus began a life
Of joyous frivolity
Never a time of strife
Between myself and she.
Once my life was sad,
Always filled with duty.
Now it's mainly glad,
Even sometimes jolly.
Often when we walk
She does her little dance.
We are close and we talk.
Others often at us glance.
There's that other lovely thing
That happens now and then.
She often starts to sing.
Then there is the buggy
In which our dog likes to ride.
Others often wait to see
If he's in it or by our side.
Now and then he's gone away
And I have an empty buggy
Then the passersby all say,
"That old man is pretty balmy".
The dog is a little Shi Tsu.
Named Chen by the family before.
New mom said, "Little man you
Are Rudy to me for evermore.
Quickly he became famous.
His short cut and gorgeous tail
Are his signature no less
Drawing comment without fail.

At skateboards he takes offense,
Chasing all and barking loud.
Bicycles startle and make no sense.
He wishes they weren't allowed.
Rudy rushes up to everyone.
Like he wants to make a friend.
Then he sniffs them and is done.
With that the meeting's at its end.
He sasses all the big dogs
With barks and a wag of tail.
When they ignore him he logs
It as a success, he did not fail.
The beauty of the lady,
And of the great Snake River,
Along the path most shady,
My gratitude makes me shiver.

James L. A. Huetson

The Great Mystery's Circle Of Life

Oceans support all the Life of Mother Earth.
God is Life, Love, and Light.
The Light of the sun warms the oceans,
Which is a part of God.
This Light draws the ocean
Up into the atmosphere
As fresh water vapor
And condenses into clouds.
The clouds carry this fresh water vapor
Over all of the earth
Releasing its miracle in the mountains
And on the plains as rain or snow.
This snow and water may fall
In the Grand Tetons of Wyoming,
Forming the birthplace of the Snake River.
The great Snake flows into southern Idaho,
Falling over the 212-foot high Shoshone Falls.
Millions of gallons of its water flow
Through the Thousand Springs of Idaho.
This gathers other arms of the fresh water vapor
From rivers known as Boise, Payette, Weiser,
Salmon and Clearwater rivers of Idaho
Along with the Owyhee, Malheur, Powder,
Imnaha, and Grand Ronde rivers of Oregon.
Then it joins the mighty Columbia River
From Washington and Canada
To flow back into the ocean from which it sprung
There to renew the cycle as the sun warms the ocean
Into which it has returned.

James L. A. Huetson

The Honor Trap

He stood tall at roll call,
Because once a Marine always a Marine.
Always faithful to a fault,
He was one of those always first at the scene.
The proud, the responsible, the best,
Characterized in Semper Fidelis.

His job as a soldier,
And now as a criminal justice agent,
Is to follow the laws and orders.
It is not to think about what is decent.
The people in charge have made the decision,
And it's not for him to seek a revision.

In his life he can never know,
What crises will demand his immediate best?
These crises scars don't always show,
Then those in charge order and he must obey, lest
He be deemed disobedient and punished for,
Living up to his code of honor.

In order to protect his peers,
He must forsake his Oaths of service.
He must forsake his colleagues for the tiers
Of management, which drive him to the precipice,
Where to honor one is to dishonor the other.
To obey those in charge is to defile his brother.

So he summons the best friend he has,
And dispatches him on a short time mission,
To bring back an item from the past,
Highlighting the memory of a previous situation.
And while his friend is fulfilling his request,
He blows his heart right out of his chest.

James L. A. Huetson

The Pest House

He was lying on
The exam table.
Doctor was done.
The boy was unable
To even begin
Understanding the
Trouble he was in.
Doctor said that he
Had been attacked
By Poliomyelitis,
A disease that stacked
The odds against his
Obtaining full recovery.
How the illness spread
Was a great mystery.
Quarantine, it was said,
Was absolutely necessary.

His parents were devastated.
He was their only child.
He could even end up dead.
They were in for a wild
Ride to a world of terror.
He was snatched from them
Then isolated from their care.
It was all due to ignorant whim.
They were not well to do at all.
Mom had regularly needed treatment.
What sacrifice would upon them fall?
March of Dimes provided payment.
He was admitted into a far away place.
Where his parents were denied access.
Two months passed then he saw their face.
Even then it was through a pane of glass.
They couldn't touch in this horrid place.

The head nurse was large and quite capable.
She had him brought from the ward to her.
They sat him on the treatment table

Sitting upright, with his back perpendicular.
His paralysis required that his knees be bent.
She had a larger orderly lie across his knees.
This made him lie back and into pain he went.
He cried out and the nurse went into a frenzy.
With the orderly still holding his legs flat
She pried him off the table and like a wrestler
Placed him in a full nelson style hold so that
Her full weight caused a pain near torture.
At that young age he learned a new truth.
You were not to disrupt what they intended.
No tears permitted and anger was uncouth.
Such actions resulted in penalties unbounded.
No leeway was given because of his youth

They actively seemed to ignore his pain.
Application of boiling hot wool army blankets,
Twisted limbs they needed to restrain,
When splints and restraints are removed it lets
The therapists forcefully pull and push on
Spasticized muscles the brain cannot relax.
And force joints to move to a normal position.
Each forced movement gives pain like an axe.
Survival depends on curbing your feelings and wants.
Accept whatever those in charge put upon you.
One must do more than expected to avoid the taunts.
Protecting each other is an obligation that is due.
You can't hide your problem if you walk that way.
You can't hide it if you can't get up by yourself.
They won't ever hire you if you can't work all day.
Insurance won't take you; you'll be put on the shelf.
If they class you a cripple they'll fight you all the way.

To get Polio is the luck of the draw.
To beat it takes acceptance and work,
Faith in your self and grit in your crew.
Shakin' and movin' and don't ever shirk
Then the worm turned on type A persons.
The harder they tried to be normal,
To hide disabilities the more the path steepens.
Protecting against criticism is central
To increasing their sense of not feeling a failure.

This is actually the onset of Post Polio Sequelae.
The indications include exhaustion 'til life's a blur,
Swallowing is hard, muscles burn, depression's high.
It wasn't supposed to be this way.
We fought so hard to reach a level
That we could maintain every day.
But its ended up we've lost the battle.
Unless we make the most of each day.

James L. A. Huetson

The Shame Is Not Hers

I opened the drapes to my deck.
There she sat like a pile of laundry,
Hair a mess and scarf on her neck.
Head bowed so she couldn't see.

Mary came throughout the week.
Often she had eaten no breakfast.
She wouldn't ask, she was too meek.
I would tell her that eat she must.

She was a frail little drunk,
Trying to live without using.
Life was in an unhappy funk.
Most of the time she was losing.

One morning she didn't show.
I later found that she had gone
To visit a friend that I know.
The friend, a girl, lived alone.

My friend who she went to visit,
Was as beautiful as any model.
The majority of men would try to hit
On her, often being boastful.

Her father raped her as a teenager,
Setting her on a tortuous path.
The result produced a daughter,
And created a hideous aftermath.

She and her father were arrested
When she was a still quite young,
Because they had distributed
Pornography, along with other dung.

She then became a call girl,
Working the hotels of Seattle.
Life became a hectic swirl
With drugs and sex and bottle.

She married a man who really, truly
Loved her and forgave her life style.
But she had to bicker and act unruly.
Demanding he go the second mile.
One night after a horrible fight
He left to go out drinking.
She cursed him with all her might
What was she thinking?

Then as he was driving his jeep,
He came to a fork in the road.
He ended up with the car in a heap,
Broken neck and dead by the road.

She called me frenzied with grief,
Crying, babbling, making no sense
Hysteria huge with no relief.
Her desire to die made me tense.

He had a revolver, a huge forty-five.
I feared she would turn it on her self.
I took it with me to help her survive.
And stowed it away on my shelf.

With obscenities she attacked.
Accused me of stealing and such.
So reluctantly I gave the gun back.
I hoped she'd survive in the clutch.

She had just gone looking for
Ammunition, then loaded the gun.
Then came a knock at the door.
It was Mary looking for action.

My friend invited her to stay.
Then she fixed food and they spoke.
It was about pain, they both had a say,
And to their deliverance they awoke.

James L. A. Huetson

The Silence Of The Man

They lied!
The elders, and teachers,
The leading priests and the high priest
Of the Church,
They lied.

They made all sorts
Of accusations against him,
They accused him of
Crime after crime after crime,
And they lied.

Pilate demanded of the man,
"Don't you hear?
All of these charges they
Bring against you?
Don't you hear? "

But the man made
No response whatever
To the charges,
And the accusations,
Surprising the Governor greatly.

The man didn't answer
And so the high priest
Stood up before the others
And asked the man
"Will you not answer? "

"What about all of these charges? "
"What do you have to say
For yourself? "
And the man said nothing,
Astonishing the Governor highly.

Pilate sent the man before Herod.
Trying to avoid the situation.
Herod asked the man question

After question after question
But the man refused to answer.

The man maintained the
Virtue of silence,
Giving his persecutors
No ammunition
For adding more charges.

James L. A. Huetson

The Treatment

I remember after the first time
That they applied the treatment,
I saw all of the edges of my eyes
Then knew that I was trapped.
Trapped in here with no escape.
My skin felt like ancient cupboards
Covered with twenty coats of paint.
It had the look of dried up scales
Of pastry with clusters of small
Black pepper grains running
From my armpits to my nipples.
Lotions, lanolin and plain grease
Are applied in every treatment,
Some through prescription
Others by old maids tales.
All eventually leaving me with
The uncontrollable urge to
Rip off this horrible crust.
Never mind the pain and blood
Grab the edges of the scale
And peel it off! Peel it off!
Then there was the helpless,
Hopeless, humiliation when they
Banned me from the swimming pool,
Or chased me throwing rocks and
Screaming "Fish Skin" at me,
Or ganged up and pummeled me.
Then I discovered that I could not apply
For entrance into the Coast Guard
Academy because they did not
Accept applicants who had
Disfiguring diseases with
Ichthyosis listed as such a disease.
Now after a long and fruitful life
There is no more humiliation,
No more abuse or disappointment.
But I must admit that I eagerly
Anticipate my escape from this
Trap of discomfort when the

Creator of the Universe permits.

James L. A. Huetson

The Twelve Days Of Christmas – Walking

One fall while walking a path beside the Snake River I spotted a baby's pacifier hanging on a tree limb just over our heads. It caused me to start singing these words to the 12 Days of Christmas tune.

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me
A pacifier in a bare tree

On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the third day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Five baby bibs
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Six baby booties
Five baby bibs
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Seven hours of bawling

Six baby booties
Five baby bibs
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Eight baby blankets
Seven hours of bawling
Six baby booties
Five baby bibs
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Nine burps a burbling
Eight baby blankets
Seven hours of bawling
Six baby booties
Five baby bibs
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Ten baby bottles
Nine burps a burbling
Eight baby blankets
Seven hours of bawling
Six baby booties
Five baby bibs
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Eleven diapers piled up

Ten baby bottles
Nine burps a burbling
Eight baby blankets
Seven hours of bawling
Six baby booties
Five baby bibs
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Twelve fifths of brandy
Eleven diapers piled up
Ten baby bottles
Nine burps a burbling
Eight baby blankets
Seven hours of bawling
Six baby booties
Five baby bibs
Four Lysol bottles
Three baby rattles
Two diaper pails
and a pacifier in a bare tree

James L. A. Huetson

The Voice

Dark nights filled with terror,
Your heart filled with fear,
The tortures of knowing
Your own death is near,
A plunge into the abyss
But awake at the dawn
To a still small voice saying carry on.

Is it all but a dream
With those great rocks below
In tumultuous waters
As downward I go?
Then just when it seems
That I soon will be gone
The same still small voice whispers carry on.

One must cross his bridges
No matter how frail.
Life's road must be traveled
Even be it a trail.
Beyond the next bend the trail may be gone,
But that still small voice bids me carry on.

I fear not the pain
of life brought to it's end.
My fear is for fences its too late to mend,
fields never plowed, opportunities gone,
yet the still small voice urges carry on.

At the end of life's road
Is there really a gate?
To a new life beyond
Where new work will await?
Or is it the end? With a cold grave to don
And the still small voice whispers carry on.

James L. A. Huetson

Through The Glass Darkly

When I arrange the mirrors just so
I can see the I's extending into infinity;
Lined up behind me,
All waiting for their chance to take my spot;
and turning.....
I see the I's lined up before me extending to eternity.
There is no end;
But life is only where I am now.
It is in the middle of the line.....
And always will be.

If you are standing in an endless line you can all
Walk together if you turn ninety degrees.

The life that was is only here.....
The life that will be is only here.
Is there any less reality through the mirror?
When I leave where do they go?
You say this is only a reflection.
I am only visible because I reflect light.
Am I not, too, only a reflection?

God is light.....
Light is time.....
Time is God.....

Am I not there when there is no light to reflect from me?
Do I change or become another creation
Because I am not seen?
What then of the reflection in the mirrors?
Are they in truth less real than I?
Do they appear to be less real
Than other people appear to be?
Does the reflection in the mirrors see me.....
Or does it see reflections of itself?

Do I see God or do I see reflections of myself?
Does God see me or does He see reflections of Himself?

I see a reflection of me but is this true?
Am I perhaps seeing
The reflection of a reflection
Of something I cannot see?
Can I see an image of me without the mirrors?
Can I see a true image of me in the mirrors?
Can I find any way to see an undistorted me?

Or do I see me as God reflected in other people?

We see colors as they are supposed to be;
Running the vision through a mental enhancer;
And are often shocked by a color print
Which shows the colors as they truly be exhibited.
Even with a perfect reflection
Of whatever is being reflected
Cannot my own vision
Distort the true reflection?

All truth is constant.
Reflections vary.
Perception depends upon reflection.
What can replace perception?

As I moved from the reflections behind me
What did I bring along?
Nothing!
As I move into the reflections ahead of me
What can I take along?
Nothing!

Then for what purpose am I here?
Nothing that matters to the reflections of those behind me;
And nothing that can affect those ahead.

James L. A. Huetson

Tormented

Yesterday a man was ordered
To be set free from his tortured
Brain. Was it a mishap or
Could he no longer fight the war?

I wanted to take time
To make this poem rhyme,
But torture doesn't lend,
It's self to that end.

It begins with a hate
That makes us relate
To murder and chaos
Making evil the boss.

Kill every living thing
Then heroically sing
About the destruction
Of every good function.

If a woman from an order fault
Turn her into a pillar of salt.
If a man shows a little courage then
Throw him into the lion's den.

Nothing ever
Gets better.
Demons never hit bottom
You just know you've got'em.

The preachers all yell
That you're going to hell.
You've decided they're right
So you give up the fight.

When you cross over the shore
And find that what you're looking for
You've found out too late
God gives love, not hate.

You have ended your life
Full of inner strife
A most selfish act
That you cannot take back.

James L. A. Huetson

Wounded Heart

A mother's wounds begin with her dreams.
So often they begin with her mother it seems.
She may dream of being exactly the same.
Or her dearest wish may be that she gains fame.
On the other hand she could have a beautiful wedding
Attended by those for whom she would be everything.

In all situations something happened to disappoint.
Was it her fault that nothing matched up to her intent?
Those who should have been her best advocates
Were the first to point out every one of her errors.
There would be a second chance for their good opinion,
When she gave birth to and properly raised her children.

The children came and were given to her to love.
She gave her all to serve the Giver from above.
The Giver and everyone who observed her goodness,
Knew she would always give more and never less.
So the Giver gave her the greater challenges.
He had confidence that she would give her best.

Her very worst critic and judge lived within.
No matter how hard she tried it declared it a sin.
She continually searched but never could find,
The bliss of perfect serenity and peace of mind.
She needed to understand that she had fulfilled her part
In order for the Giver to heal her wounded heart.

James L. A. Huetson